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A POLITICAL ODE

BY

LORD BYRON

1812.

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ODE

BY

LORD BYRON

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LONDON  
JOHN PEARSON 46 PALL MALL.  
1880.





## NOTE.



THE following autograph letter has come into my possession. It seemed to me well worth while to trace out the poem to which it refers, after much difficulty I was able to discover it in the *Morning Chronicle* of Monday, March 2, 1812.

The Poet's celebrated Maiden Speech on "The Framework Bill" was delivered in the House of Lords, Thursday, Feb. 27, 1812.

Some regret may be felt that the ode is not of more general interest, but the daily increasing value of any scrap of Byron's writing is my only excuse for printing it.

JOHN PEARSON.

46 PALL MALL.





# AN ODE

TO THE FRAMERS OF THE FRAME BILL.

Oh well done Lord E—n ! and better Lord R—r !  
Britannia must prosper with councils like yours ;  
HAWKESBURY, HARROWBY, help you to guide her,  
Whose remedy only must *kill* ere it cures :  
Those villains ; the Weavers, are all grown refractory,  
Asking some succour for Charity's sake—  
So hang them in clusters round each Manufactory,  
That will at once put an end to *mistake*.\*

The rascals, perhaps, may betake them to robbing,  
The dogs to be sure have got nothing to eat—  
So if we can hang them for breaking a bobbin,  
'Twill save all the Government's money and meat :  
Men are more easily made than machinery—  
Stockings fetch better prices than lives—  
Gibbets on Sherwood will heighten the scenery,  
Shewing how Commerce, how Liberty thrives.

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\* Lord E. on Thursday night, said the riots at Nottingham arose from a "*mistake*."

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Justice is now in pursuit of the wretches,  
 Grenadiers, Volunteers, Bow-street Police,  
 Twenty-two Regiments, a score of Jack Ketches,  
 Three of the Quorum and two of the Peace ;  
 Some Lords, to be sure, would have summoned the Judges,  
 To take their opinion, but that they ne'er shall,  
 For LIVERPOOL such a concession begrudges.  
 So now they're condemned by *no Judges* at all.

Some folks for certain have thought it was shocking,  
 When Famine appeals, and when Poverty groans ;  
 That life should be valued at less than a stocking,  
 And breaking of frames lead to breaking of bones.  
 If it should prove so, I trust, by this token,  
 (And who will refuse to partake in the hope ?)  
 That the frames of the fools may be first to be *broken*,  
 Who, when asked for a *remedy*, sent down a *rope*.

THE END.









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